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CANADIANA

# ROTHESAY

AND  
OTHER  
VERSES.



BY  
*GEORGE EDWIN FAIRWEATHER.*





May Christmas bring to you good cheer,  
Mind Moly, joyful, calm and clear,  
And happiness without a tear,  
Be yours within the coming year.





# Rothesay.

Near by the base of yon smooth cliff,  
Where sweeps sweet Kassis' flowing tide,  
There broad'ning shores large volume give  
A harbor safe where fleets may ride.  
Upon this wide and grand expanse  
What sporting scenes have met the eye!  
What multitudes along the shores  
The struggle keen with interest spy!  
There they who ply their strength and power  
In boats,—a willing task fulfil—  
Show power of limb and mind and nerve,  
And manly bearing, tact and skill.  
Beneath the wave of that expanse  
Full many a one has found a grave;  
And sudden squalls which there abound  
Have tried the skill of boatmen brave.  
Far up the north, majestic scenes  
Of mountain bold and forest free,  
Of sloping shore and fields of green,  
And distant views of marsh and tree  
Show rural beauty grand, serene—  
Which artists long delight to see —  
Filling the poet's pen with fire  
To write as heart and soul inspire.

The gentle slope of southern shore,  
Backed by the hills in grandeur show  
The lovely home and pleasant cot,  
That wealth and taste and art bestow.  
Upon these hills which overlook  
The matchless scene of stream and bay,  
Stand Christian schools of that sound faith,  
Where sure and firm foundations lay.

When early summer's foliage new  
Adorns the trees in vale, on hill,  
And fields are fresh and bright and green,  
And birds are full of song and trill,  
The happy throng may there be seen ;  
That pleasant city homes forsake,  
Content to dwell in humble cot,  
So they of rural charms partake.

Let all who here find happiness,  
Remember whence all blessings flow,  
And honor God, His law, His day,  
And strive His love, in fear, to know ;  
So shall He ever ROTHESAY bless,  
And on her people good bestow.



## **Holy Bible.**

(Published August, 1892.)

God's Holy Word, that sacred book,  
From which His servants ever took  
    Their faith and fear,  
In every chapter, verse and line,  
His mercy great, His love divine,  
    Are plain and clear.

What power we there by faith discern,  
What lessons sweet and dear we learn  
    Of hope and peace ;  
Our hearts within us glow and burn,  
His constant love is our concern,  
    His cleansing grace.

It tells of great redeeming love,  
Though Christ who came from heaven above  
    Our sins to bear,  
Aids us to suffer and endure,  
To make us holy, good and pure,  
    His triumph share.

Most precious is that sacred word,  
The life of Christ, our Saviour, Lord,  
    His death and shame,  
That gives us hope of peace and rest  
In mansions ready for the blest,  
    Through His dear name.

Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and light unto my path.  
Ps. cxix. 105.

To me how dear is Thy command,  
How sweet the light in which we stand.  
Thy precepts high, Thy love so deep,  
Aid all to fear, Thy law to keep,  
Suggests the prayer that's breathed to Thee,  
That we in all God's goodness see.

When trials come and doubts assail,  
And every effort seems to fail,  
Thy word a lamp clear shining, bright,  
Shall flood the slippery path with light.  
Then all Thy precepts I can read,  
And Thou my Lord shall kindly lead.

Shall lead me up life's rugged hill,  
My soul with happiness shall fill,  
And as my footsteps forward press,  
Thy beams, O "Sun of Righteousness"  
Shall brightly shine my years to close ;  
Then clearer light, sweet peace, repose.





## THE BETTER PART.

Eternal Source of life and light,  
Of angel hosts, holy and bright,  
Of love and peace ;  
Gifts great and good Thou dost bestow  
On each, on all, Thy saints below,  
And every grace.

Still let Thy thoughtful care and love  
Descend upon us from above  
To warm the heart,  
And make the life holy and pure,  
Give faith and peace which shall endure  
The better part.

Aid us to honor, love and fear  
That gentle influence ever near,  
The Spirit blest,  
On whom with Father and with Son,  
Eternal Three, yet ever One.  
Our hope we rest.



## PEACE AND REST.

The wave of time flows on apace,  
And we upon its crest  
Drift on towards the land unknown  
In hope of peace and rest.

Peace through the blood of our dear Lord,  
Jesu the Prince of Peace,  
Who has in a bright, happy land  
Prepared a dwelling-place.

A rest for all who seek by prayer  
God's pardon, love and grace,  
And in the daily walk of life  
The Saviour's footsteps trace.

May it be ours that land to see,  
Its peace and rest to gain,  
Where sin and sorrow never come,  
Nor trouble, death, or pain.



Happy is the people, whose God is the Lord.  
Ps. cxliv. 15.

The secret of our country's power,  
Kept, blessed of God, each, every hour,  
Is given by Him who will ne'er brook  
Dishonor to His day, His Book.  
That Holy Book — the sacred truth --  
The prop of age the guide of youth.  
May we of Greater Britain, blest  
With every good, the Sabbath rest,  
Strive earnestly within our ken,  
As citizens, as Christian men.  
To honor God, His word, His day,  
And never cease with faith to pray  
That He in mercy will maintain  
Our Queen, her Throne, beyond the main,  
And knit with sacred bonds of love,  
By constant influence from above,  
The Greater Britain, Freemen all;  
And grant that we may never fall  
From grace and favor, influence good,  
But ever be the blest of God.



## MAY.

The houséd flock the farmer frees,  
For welcome pastures green,  
When air is balmy, soft the breeze,  
And swelling buds adorn the trees,  
And swallows fleet are seen.

The mornings bright, the evenings long  
Give day both warm and clear,  
The birds awake with cheerful song  
And sound their praises all day long,  
Telling of summer near.

That season dear to every heart,  
When rural charms abound,  
In nature's work and boundless art,  
And sport and exercise impart  
Health, vigor in the round.

The cycle fleet with some prevail,  
While others cry "to horse,"  
On river broad the spreading sail  
Claims tribute of the passing gale,  
And speeds on pleasure's course.

The frail canoe and cedar boat  
Are still in favor found,  
And as they gaily, lightly float,  
We cannot fail to see and note,  
There happy hearts abound.

These pleasures all are healthful, good,  
And should be still enjoyed,  
But all our work and walks abroad  
Should be on the blest day of God  
In His honor employed.

## SNOW.

(Published January, 1896.)

Lovely, sparkling, clear and bright.  
Feathery, airy, pure and white ;  
Glistening as the perfect saint,  
Beauty, artists fail to paint ;  
Free from taint of earth's defile  
Only for a little while ;  
On the fields and lawns and hills,  
Over meadows, woods and rills,  
Falling, drifting, whirling, driven,  
By the varying winds of heaven.

The lovely snow with mantle fold,  
The roots protect from frost and cold,  
And every flower and shrub and vine  
Are kept preserved by care divine.

The mantle folds of love divine  
The sacred truths forever shine  
Preserved in every soul that lives  
To God, and freely, warmly gives  
A heartfelt service, faithful, strong,  
By prayer and praise in hymn and song,  
And ever shall God's mercy know,  
Pure, gentle, white, like falling snow.

## EVENING.

Sweet evening hour of breezes soft,  
When night-hawk takes its flight aloft,  
When we can seek and find repose  
Within our own secluded close :  
The sounds of busy effort cease,  
Silence now reigns and all is peace.  
The western sky is all aglow,  
The fleecy clouds are drifting low,  
And seem to touch the lofty trees  
As they float onward with the breeze.  
The public road and pleasant walk  
Entice the young for friendly talk,  
While youthful sports are heard and seen  
Upon the spacious, well-kept green,  
Where order reigns and play is fair,  
With best of feeling everywhere :  
With well-filled pouch the hunter now  
Returns fatigued with sun-burnt brow,  
Charmed with his sport and toilsome quest.  
Eager for home, refreshment, rest.  
To God of all give reverence due,  
To Him be constant, faithful, true,  
And so enjoy all blessings given  
That we may gain the rest of heaven.

## THE COMING YEAR.

(Published December, 1890.)

Another year approaches fast,  
Pregnant with hope, with joys and fears.  
The present year will soon be past,  
Its memories sad, its pleasures, tears ;  
The span of time has marked the fall  
Of death's cold hand, on many dear.  
Who answering to the final call,  
Have trod the lone way, without fear.

The joyous throng, the farewells said,  
The happy meetings, partings sad,  
The hopeful view of plans well laid,  
The hearty greetings, good and glad,  
Are in the memory cherished now,  
And warm the heart or cloud the brow,  
As peace is found or comfort sought,  
In tranquil mind, in pleasant thought.

If we are spared to see the day  
That ushers in the glad new year,  
What shall we ask, how shall we pray,  
To him we love, obey and fear.  
O God, prevent and keep us pure,  
In walk and way, in thought and word,  
A steadfast heart to fight, endure,  
Grant us through Christ, Redeemer, Lord.

So shall we enter on the year,  
That marks another jot of time ;  
Trusting in God, who ever near,  
Can make the life good and sublime ;  
Oh, may He guard our pleasant land,  
Our rulers aid to serve with fear,  
His people bless with generous hand,  
And plenty send our hearts to cheer.  
May peace prevail within our coast,  
Our borders safe, from discord free,  
And may it be our lot to boast  
Of happy homes beside the sea.

" And the young and the old, and the low and the high,  
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie."

Turning to dust 'neath the cold, frozen sod,  
The spot where in life they often have trod,  
Where snow and the rain and wind ever sweep,  
Where many shall pause and over them weep,  
Where daisies shall bloom, the sod shall be green,  
And song of the birds enliven the scene.

They heed not the song of the birds nor the storm,  
For "dust unto dust" they now do conform,  
Waiting the end that shall summon the dead,  
When glorified forms in brightness are led,  
The quick and the dead, the gentle and brave,  
From lands far and wide, from ocean and grave.

How blest is the hope, how joyful the thought,  
Life everlasting by Christ has been wrought,  
For all who have rendered service and love,  
In mansions of light eternal above,  
Amid scenes celestial, happy and bright,  
Where Jesus shall reign, be ever the Light.



